

ABOUT POETRY

and we're talking about poetry
& we're drunk or at least
i am
whiskey
i don't like whiskey
& he's saying important things
about poetry i should know
since i'm new to the game
but i have to go to
the bathroom desperately
& i crouch next to him
putting the heel of my boot
into my crotch to hold back
the piss until he has finished his
words & as he tapers
off i rise & run down
the hallway yanking off
my tights &
relieving myself
having heard the end about
poetry

BEFORE & AFTER

my poor old man
my poor lover
at death's door
jesus christ how
he suffers
he blames me for
his condition
aching muscles
throbbing head
excruciating pain
from his teeth
his back
he's got arthritis
at 28 years old
he's going crazy
senile
at 28 years old
he blames me
says i'm the cause
i should have met him
when he was 16
& strong & healthy
Mr. Enduro
Mr. Atlas
Jack LaLanne
but i would have
been only 11 &
wouldn't have given a
shit about him
then

-- nila northSun

Missoula MT